



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Poetry, America

# THE ROSE

BY

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

*With Illustrations*



BOSTON :  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.  
*The Riverside Press, Cambridge.*  
1880.

11\*

Low

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
**16151B**  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
R 1939 L

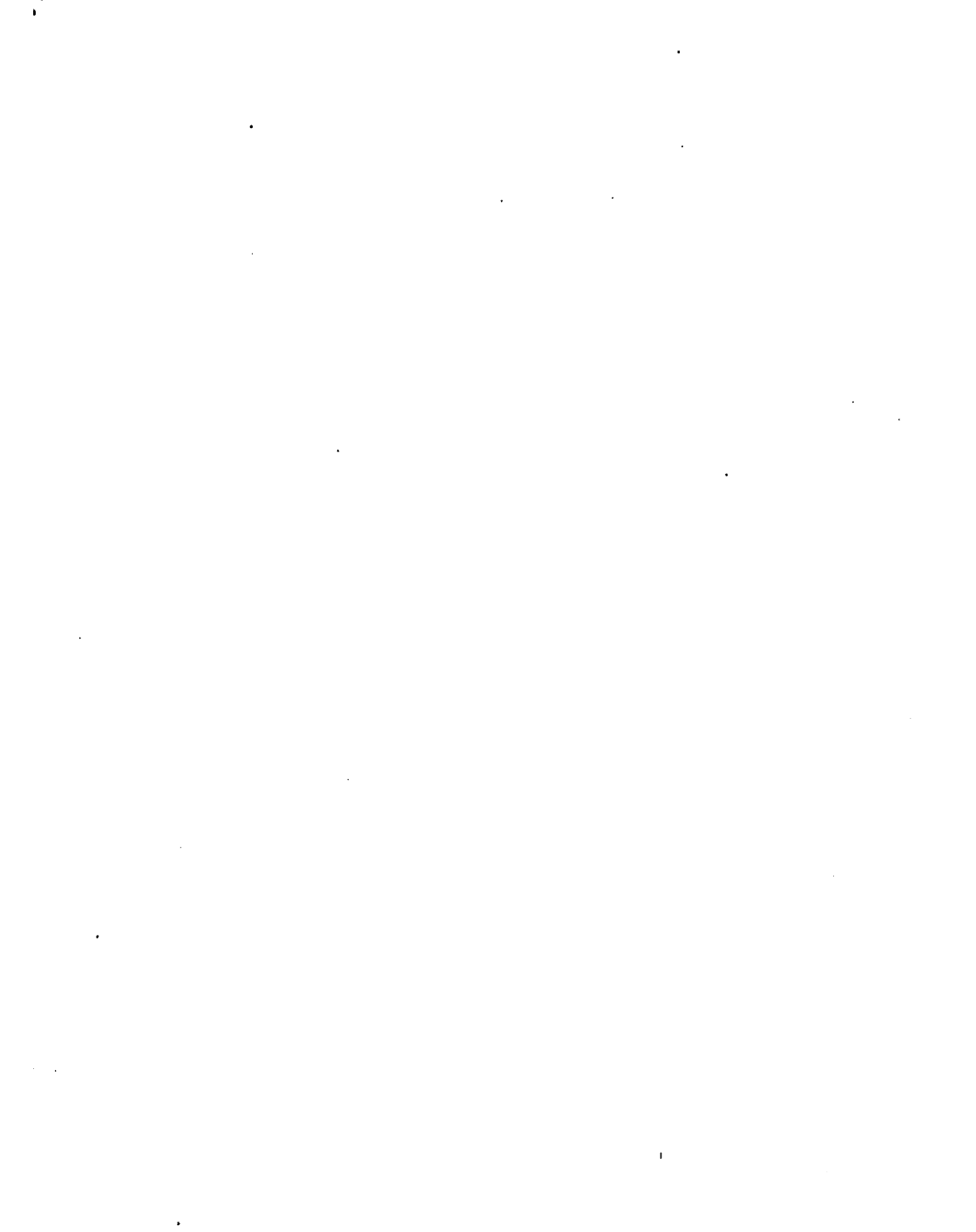
COPYRIGHT, 1877.  
By JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.



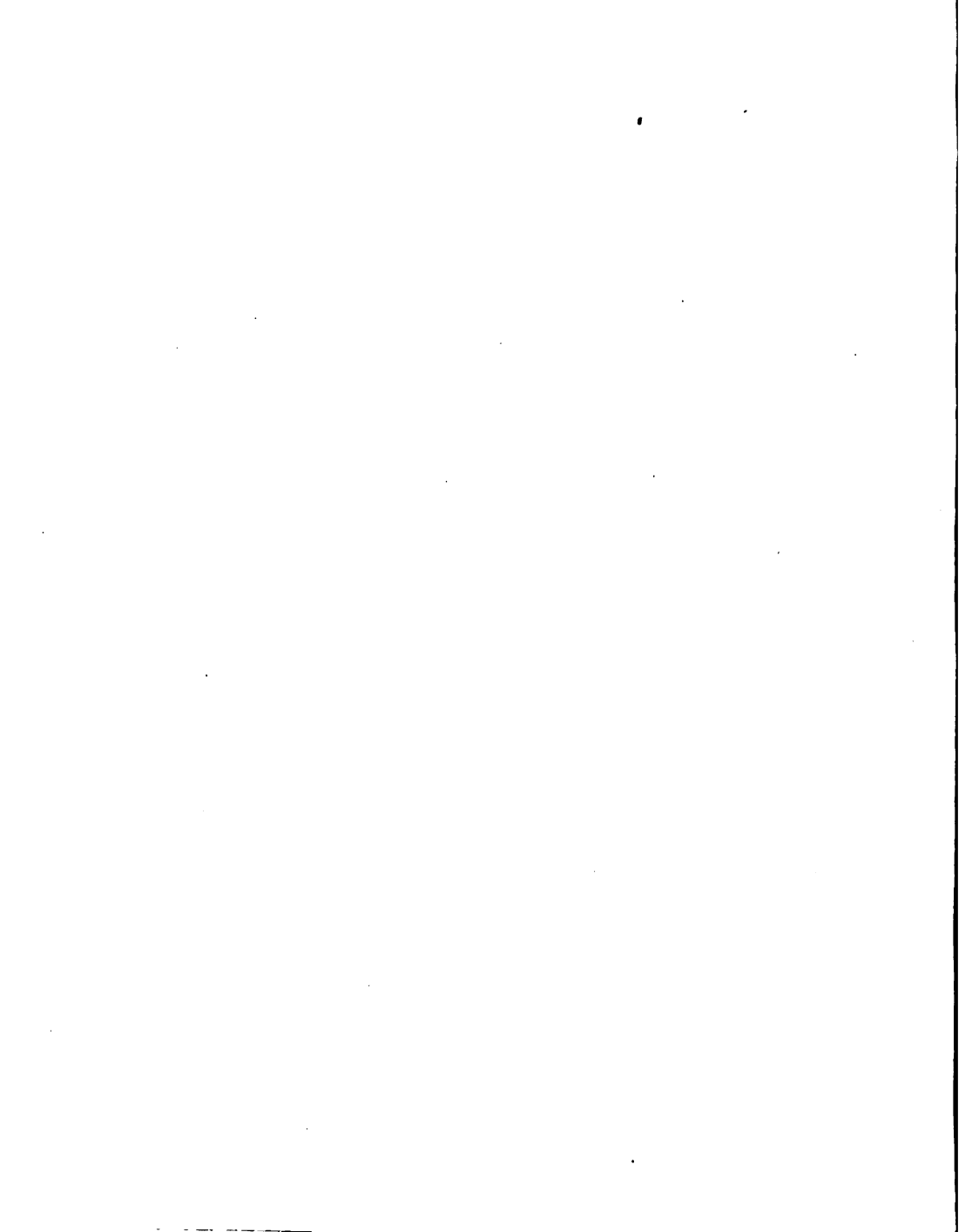
## List of Illustrations.

ENGRAVED BY A. V. S. ANTHONY.

- "In his tower sat the poet" . . . . . C. S. REINHART.  
"On the rock the billow bursteth" . . . R. SWAIN GIFFORD.  
"Take, O sea! the tender blossom" . . C. S. REINHART.  
"Forth into the night he hurled it" . . A. V. S. ANTHONY.  
"Foam and spray drive back to leeward" A. R. WAUD.  
"Stands a maiden, on the morrow" . . MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.  
"Touch not, sea, the blessed letters" . . A. V. S. ANTHONY.  
"Brings a little rose, and throws it" . . C. S. REINHART.  
"Full of bliss she takes the token" . . MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.  
"The ocean's fierce unrest" . . . . . R. SWAIN GIFFORD.  
"In his tower sits the poet" . . . . . C. S. REINHART.  
"Up the beach the ocean slideth" . . . A. V. S. ANTHONY.  
"Maiden lips, with love grown bolder" . C. S. REINHART.  
Tail-Piece . . . . . A. V. S. ANTHONY.  
Vignette — Rose . . . . . F. T. MERRILL.





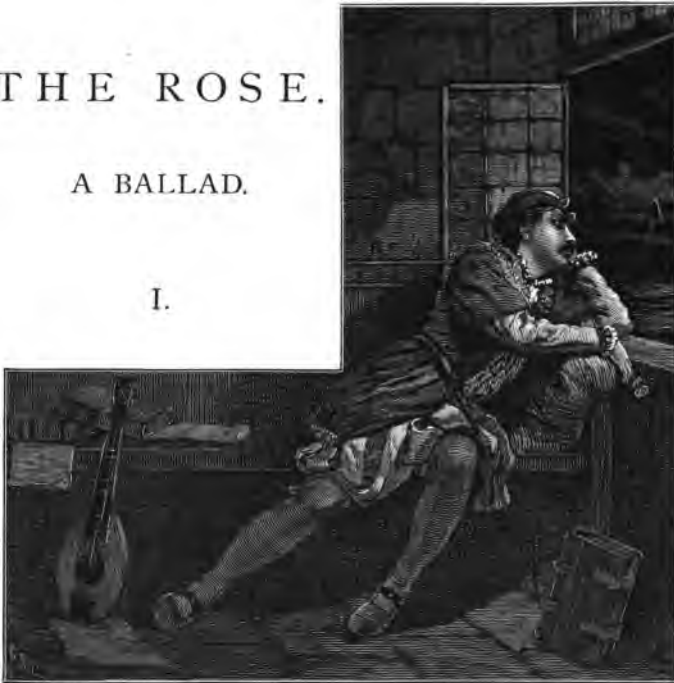




# THE ROSE.

A BALLAD.

I.



In his tower sat the poet

Gazing on the roaring sea,

N Y P L

J 9 V 8

*The Rose.*

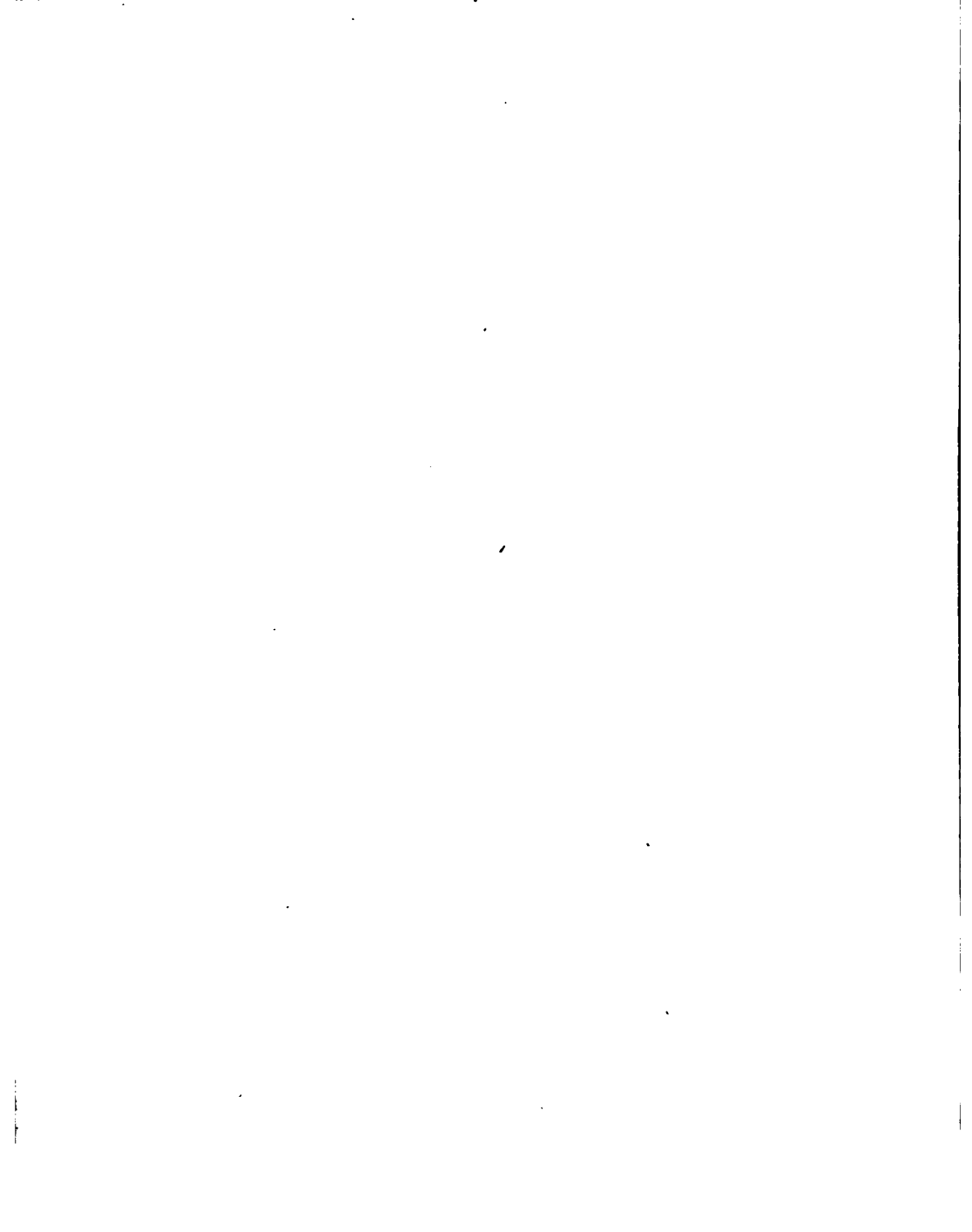
“Take this rose,” he sighed, “and throw it

Where there 's none that loveth me.

On the rock the billow bursteth

And 'sinks back into the seas,





*The Rose.*

But in vain my spirit thirsteth

So to burst and be at ease.



Take, O sea! the tender blossom

That hath lain against my breast;



*The Rose.*

On thy black and angry bosom

It will find a surer rest.

Life is vain, and love is hollow,

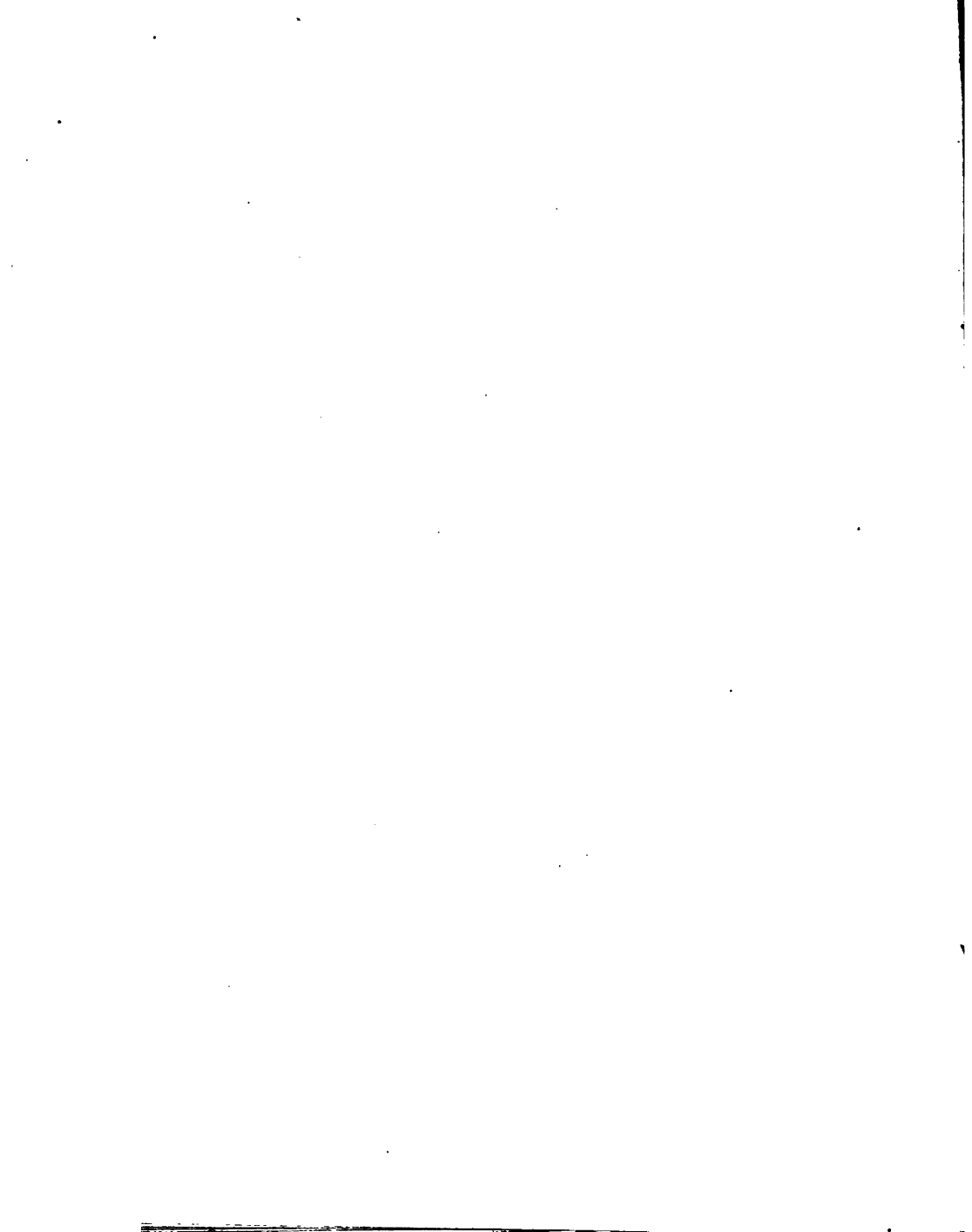
Ugly death stands there behind,

Hate and scorn and hunger follow

Him that toileth for his kind."

Forth into the night he hurled it,







*The Rose.*

And with bitter smile did mark  
How the surly tempest whirled it  
Swift into the hungry dark.  
Foam and spray drive back to leeward,



And the gale, with dreary moan,  
Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,  
Through the breakers all alone.





II.

Stands a maiden, on the morrow,  
Musing by the wave-beat strand,



*The Rose.*

Half in hope and half in sorrow

Tracing words upon the sand:

“Shall I ever then behold him

Who hath been my life so long,—

Ever to this sick heart fold him,—

Be the spirit of his song?

Touch not, sea, the blessed letters

I have traced upon thy shore,





*The Rose.*

Spare his name whose spirit fetters

Mine with love forevermore!"

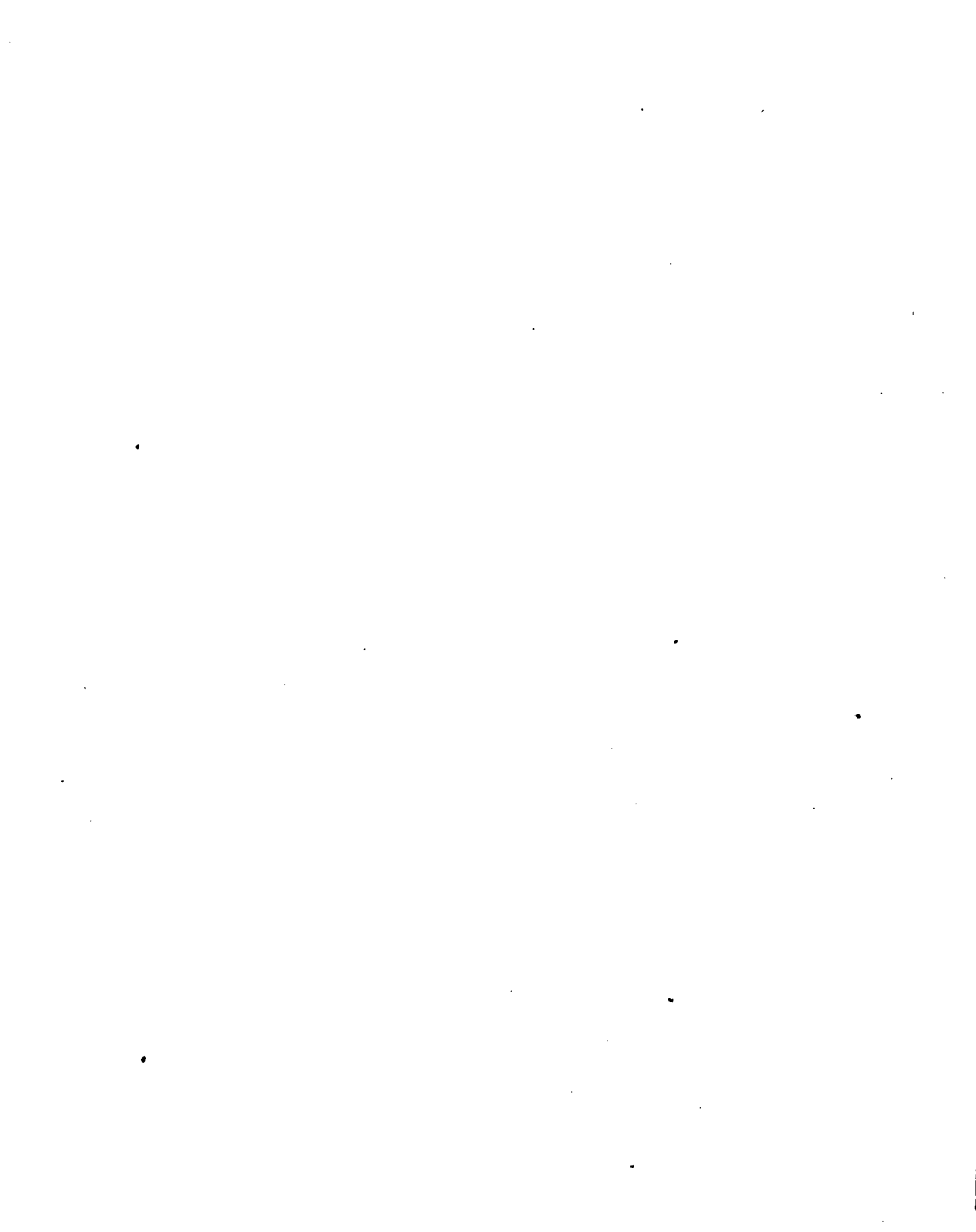


Swells the tide and overflows it,

But, with omen pure and meet,

Brings a little rose, and throws it

Humbly at the maiden's feet.





*The Rose.*



Full of bliss she takes the token,

And, upon her snowy breast,

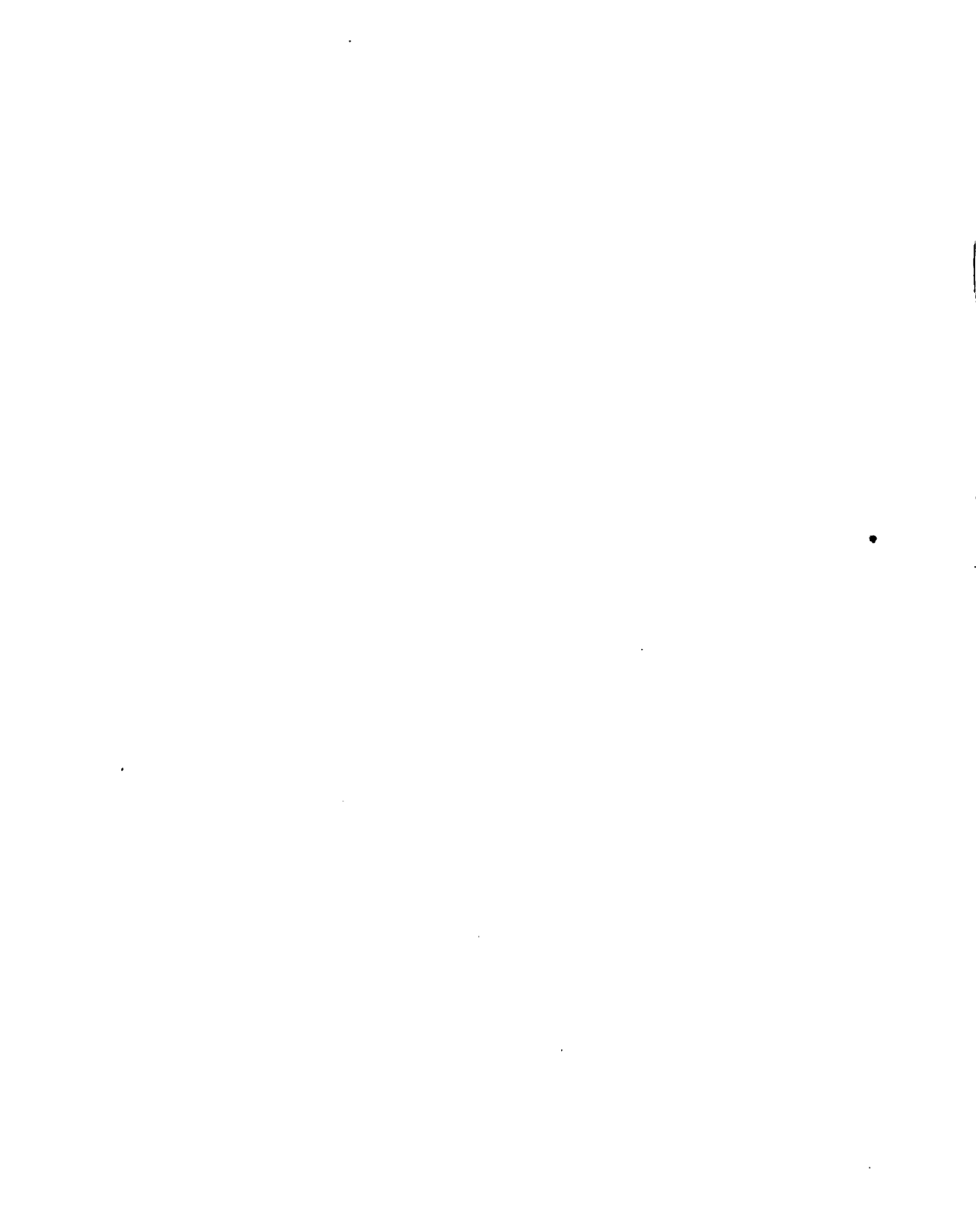


*The Rose.*

Soothes the ruffled petals broken  
With the ocean's fierce unrest.



“Love is thine, O heart! and surely  
Peace shall also be thine own,  
For the heart that trusteth purely  
Never long can pine alone.”





### III.

In his tower sits the poet,

Blisses new and strange to him



*The Rose.*

Fill his heart and overflow it

With a wonder sweet and dim.

Up the beach the ocean slideth

With a whisper of delight,



And the moon in silence glideth

Through the peaceful blue of night.

Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder





*The Rose.*



Flows a maiden's golden hair,  
Maiden lips, with love grown bolder,  
Kiss his moonlit forehead bare.  
"Life is joy, and love is power,  
Death all fetters doth unbind,



*The Rose.*

Strength and wisdom only flower

When we toil for all our kind.

Hope is truth,— the future giveth

More than present takes away,

And the soul forever liveth

Nearer God from day to day.”

Not a word the maiden uttered,

Fullest hearts are slow to speak,

But a withered rose-leaf fluttered

Down upon the poet's cheek.







